



# Flower Legends

And other poems



Alma Frances McCollum

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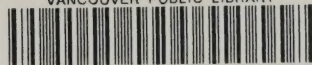
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# FLOWER LEGENDS





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# FLOWER LEGENDS

And Other Poems

BY

ALMA FRANCES McCOLLUM

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TORONTO

WILLIAM BRIGGS

1902



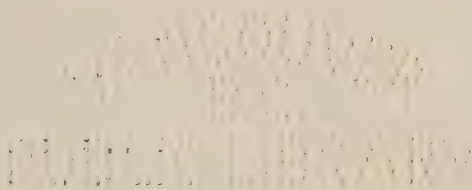
*Alma Frances Williams*

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*Of classic lore some poets sing ;  
I—if I could—would rather write about  
Some simple taking little thing  
Which, when you read, you feel like clipping out.*



## FLOWER LEGENDS.

---

### PURPLE VIOLETS.

Violets in purple mourning  
    Bloomed as flakes of driven snow,  
Calvary's rugged path adorning  
    Ere the Saviour knew its woe.

When the Virgin Mother, holy,  
    In her bitter anguish passed,  
O'er the blossoms white and lowly  
    Was her sacred shadow cast ;

And the agony of sorrow,

    Falling like a purple pall,—

Unforgotten with the morrow—

    Still doth linger over all.

*PURPLE VIOLETS.*

Purple violets, remind us,  
Oh, reproach us with His pain,  
Lest the fleeting days should find us  
Crucifying Him again !

*LEGEND OF THE VALLEY LILIES.*

LEGEND OF THE VALLEY LILIES.

Pearly bells, pearly bells, tinkle a melody,  
Tell to the moonbeams, as pure as yourselves ;  
Murmur it merrily, tell of the revelry,  
Sing of the days of the fairies and elves.

Someone has told me that this is the song you sing,  
Whispered so softly that wind-sighs seem loud,—  
There is a valley, all quiet and beautiful,  
Hidden from earth cares, where fairy folk crowd.

There, when the moon is round, all the gay dancers  
are ;  
Each tripping fairy has bells wrought in pearl ;  
Golden the tiny tongues, making soft melody,  
Tossed by the dainty hands' swift twist and twirl.

*LEGEND OF THE VALLEY LILIES.*

After the merriment, all the gay revellers  
    Sit to a feast of white honey and dew ;  
Once while they lingered there swiftly the Dawn  
    arose,  
Startling the dancers, who far away flew.

Bells of pearl, bells of pearl, all were forgotten  
    quite ;  
Scattered they lay where they fell from each hand ;  
Then the sun, kissing them, changed them to flower-  
    bells,  
Strung them on grass-blades, and bade them to  
    stand.

Silent the golden tongues ; no more the music rang,  
    Till a soft perfume, as sweet as the sound,  
Stole forth at even-tide, when 'neath the silver moon  
    Lightly the fairies came tripping around.

Quick as a twinkling wink all the wee merry folk  
    Drew off their mantles of shimmering green ;  
Folded them closely around the sweet pearly bells  
    Hid them so snugly they scarce could be seen.



*LEGEND OF THE VALLEY LILIES.*

Still you can find them tucked safe in the sheeny folds,  
Sheltered and hidden from sunbeams' strong light ;  
Often the same tinkling fairy tunes ring again,  
When the sweet south wind fans softly at night.

Listen in silence lone,—if the long day has passed,  
Leaving your heart without sin-stain of wrong,—  
Chiming distinctly in low tinkling melody,  
You will hear clearly the pearly bells' song.

*SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.*

SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.

Pretty sweet pea blossoms,  
Nodding in a row,  
May I tell the story  
How you came to grow ?

In the long ago, dears,  
You were quite unknown ;  
Never was your perfume  
On the breezes blown.

But one day in Springtime  
Many youthful Quakers,  
At a quiet meeting,  
Talked about their shakers.

*SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.*

One fair maid, Priscilla,  
Who was rather vain,  
Thought the snowy bonnets  
Were a trifle plain.

Patience then suggested  
That each shallow crown  
Might be puffed up higher,  
Like those worn in town.

Soon they had decided  
That, from snowy white,  
Each the hue would alter  
To some color bright.

Where they got the dye stuff  
I can never think,  
But soon all were flaming  
Purple, blue and pink.

Gentle Prudence only  
Wore the simple white ;  
She thought wearing colors  
Could not be quite right.

*SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.*

But as she went with them  
In their bright array,  
Every one believed her  
Just as bad as they.

When the Wind first saw them  
All was calm and warm,  
But the gay sight vexed him,  
So he raised a storm.

Every shaker snatched he,  
Far away he blew  
Pretty pink and purple,  
And the white one too.

Far and wide they scattered  
O'er the country round,  
And, a short time after,  
Blossoms new were found ;

Blossoms new and fragrant,  
Colors all so bright ;  
Here and there a rare one,  
Prudence like, in white.



*SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.*

When the Quaker maidens  
Told their story o'er,  
They were each forgiven,  
And they sinned no more.

Patience and Priscilla,  
And dear Prudence, too,  
Soon were called the sweet P's,  
They so gentle grew.

So the new-found flowers,  
Then were called the same ;  
Thus I end the legend  
As I tell their name.

You a lesson teach us,  
Blossoms dear, we love,  
For to earth you cling not,  
But climb straight above.

*FORGET-ME-NOT.*

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Along the garden's perfumed path  
The Master slowly came,  
And asked the blossoms blooming there  
If they could tell their name.  
The Queen of Flowers drooped her head,  
And, in a whisper, "Rose," she said.

Like choristers in surplice white,  
The Lilies sang reply ;  
The Violets an answer gave,  
Like Zephyr's balmy sigh ;  
And all their fair companions knew,  
Save one, obscure, in palest blue.

*FORGET-ME-NOT.*

She raised a timid, pleading face,  
And breathed, "I cannot tell."  
The Master paused: "Be comforted,  
For I will name thee well."  
And, stooping o'er the sheltered spot,  
He murmured low, "Forget-me-not."

"Forget-me-not," your restful tone  
Reflects the sky's soft blue;  
Like blossoms growing thickly massed,  
It bears your message too,  
And fills all nature with the thought,  
"Forget-me-not," "forget-me-not."

*THE DANDELION LEGEND.*

THE DANDELION LEGEND.

Once no bright blossoms bloomed, gleaming like  
golden coin,

Dotting the meadow with sun-flecks of light.  
Old Daniel Lyons was hoarding a treasure safe,  
Deep in an oaken chest hidden from sight.

He was a miser, and welcomed one glance alone ;  
Thrilled at one touch only, loved but one sound :  
Glittering guineas with smooth clammy coldness, and  
Tinkle of greeting each added one found.

Meanly he dwelt in a hut in the meadow-land,  
Teaching young Dandy, his scion, to save ;  
But in his childhood the youth had heard Nature's  
voice ;  
Little the thought then to treasure he gave.

*THE DANDELION LEGEND.*

Sunshine was gold to him ; pleasing its glowing touch,  
Fanned by soft breezes through perfumy air ;  
With what sweet melody rippled its molten beams,  
Over the waters when pebbles were there !

After a goodly time old Miser Daniel died,  
Giving his treasure at last to his son,  
Who took a portion and built a fine manor-house,  
Yet had much more than was ample for one.

All poor and needy he sought through the country-  
side,  
Called them together, prepared a great feast ;  
Scattered abroad o'er the meadow his guineas bright,  
Numbering over a million at least.

Sunbeams danced over them, marking each gleaming  
spot,  
Till a new blossom bloomed yellow and round,  
Just as some searchers appeared with the morning  
light,  
Thinking they more of the treasure had found.

*THE DANDELION LEGEND.*

“O Dandy Lyons!” they all cried together then ;  
Thus the new flowers were given a name ;  
Fleeting as riches they float away vanishing,  
All through the ages forever the same.

Out in the meadows the poor folk assemble still,  
Gathering eagerly, just as of old ;  
Many remember to bless Dandy Lyons, and  
Over and over the legend is told.



*CRIMSON ROSES.*

CRIMSON ROSES.

When the crown that pierced our Saviour,  
    Causing pain and bitter grief,  
From His sacred brow was lifted,  
    Forth it budded into leaf ;

And, where'er His blood-drops stained it,  
    Bloomed the fairest flower that grows,  
Radiant and filled with fragrance,  
    Queen of beauty, crimson rose.

Oft its perfume wafts this message  
    Softly soothing saddest hours :  
Tho' life's thorns may sorely wound us,  
    Sometime we may gather flowers.

*THE STORY OF NASTURTIUMS.*

THE STORY OF NASTURTIUMS.

TO MY NEPHEW NED.

O little one laden with blossoms !  
Come list to the story I tell :  
These flaming nasturtiums you've gathered  
Bloomed first in a deep fairy dell.

One morning the Sun went a-roving,—  
Perhaps 'twas to call on the Moon—  
And over the valley a tear-mist  
Made shadows of twilight at noon.

The fairies all shivered together,  
Their gossamers clinging and damp,  
Till one of them, warming her fingers,  
Turned over a fire-fly lamp.

*THE STORY OF NASTURTIUMS.*

Then coaxed she the flamelets together,  
And off they went dancing on high ;  
They drove all the mist from the valley,  
And made every gauzy wing dry.

Now there is a law for the dell-folk,  
A law that is learned by each one :  
All heat, and all flame, is forbidden  
Unless it be sent by the Sun.

The mist arose higher and higher  
And showed the bright light to the Sky,  
Who frowned on the fairies' wild revel,  
And spoke with a thundery sigh :

" Oh, cease ye, oh, cease ye, my children !  
The Sun will return ere the night,  
And banish you far from his earthlands,  
On seeing your fire-fly light."

The voice so alarmed the gay fairies  
They gathered around their good Queen,  
Who said to them, " Hasten, my people,  
Unfurl your broad sunshades of green ;

*THE STORY OF NASTURTIUMS.*

“ Make sharp their long handles, and fix them  
Deep down in the earth near each flame,  
And never with burn-stuff go meddling,  
To bring us disaster and shame.”

They covered their bright-light, but ever  
It brilliantly sent forth a glow,  
Till, catching a glimpse of it gleaming,  
The Sky sent the tear-mist below.

The mist was so sad on returning  
It wept till it melted in rain,  
Which changed all the flamelets to flowers,  
And there till this day they remain.

Deep crimson, and scarlet and yellow,  
Beneath their leaf sunshades they lie,  
Or peep out to catch the sweet raindrops,  
Or lovingly smile at the Sky.

The Sun never knew why they bloomed there ;  
The Sky would not tell him, because  
She knew that the fairies would never,  
No, never, again break his laws.

*THE STORY OF NASTURTIUMS.*

Now, little one, if you are doubting  
This tale that your Auntie has sung,  
Just taste the green seed in the blossom  
The heat in it still burns your tongue.

## *THE SLEEPERS.*

### THE SLEEPERS.

The flowers were sleeping 'neath blankets of snow ;  
Their jolly old daddy, the Sun, too, lay low ;  
He slept, perhaps dreamed, but at last he awoke,  
And pulled off the blankets and smiled at the joke ;  
The slumberers heard him, but some hid their heads  
And said they were tired, so stayed in their beds.

But up rose the crocuses all in a row,  
With flannelette nightie-gowns making bright show ;  
While daffodils lingered until they were dressed ;  
Vain tulips and hyacinths all wore their best ;  
And some slept so long that the jolly old Sun  
Threw rain-drops upon them and laughed at the fun.

He rattled the thunder and gave them a shake,  
Tho' many deep sleepers he could not awake ;  
They slumbered till summer-day almost had passed,  
But stayed up till eventide bright till the last ;  
And when all were weary the Sun said good-night,  
And snugged them again in their soft blankets white.



*WHY BLOSSOMS FALL.*

WHY BLOSSOMS FALL.

Dear Mother Earth her children trees  
Clads well in robes of white,  
That they may rest in perfect ease  
Through all the winter night.

When Spring, the morning, softly dawns,  
She calls each sleeping one,  
Who wakens, slowly sighs, and yawns,  
Till day is well begun.

Soon April brings a shower-bath,  
And May fresh garments clean ;  
Bright trimmings gay each maiden hath,  
The lads wear sober green.

*WHY BLOSSOMS FALL.*

The sister-winds their playmates are,  
The gentle South and West,  
And quickly come they from afar  
To help them all get drest.

Each garment new is soon unrolled  
And smoothed well in its place,  
Till not a crease nor crumpled fold  
Can anybody trace.

And then they hum a tuneful song  
And play at in-and-out,  
Until their brothers come along  
And join them with a shout.

The brothers, North and East, are rough,  
And play with such wild glee,  
They tear the pretty trimming stuff  
Off every maiden tree.

So this is why the blossoms fall,  
And leaves oft-times look creased ;  
The boisterous brothers do it all,  
The merry North and East.

*PRETTY MISS SPRING.*

PRETTY MISS SPRING.

Oh, pretty Miss Spring  
Is a flirt of a thing !  
She has given Jack Frost his congé ;  
All winter he wooed her,  
And closely pursued her,  
But ah ! she is fickle, they say.

And good Master Jack—  
Alas and alack !—  
Is as wealthy as wealthy can be ;  
“ I'd have ermine lining  
And diamonds all shining,  
But his coldness repels me,” said she.

*PRETTY MISS SPRING.*

The Wind with a shout  
Told poor Jack to get out,  
For he lingered, still hoping for yea ;  
And when, broken-hearted,  
At last he departed,  
The fickle maid wept night and day.

The Wind with a smile  
Said, " Dear, after awhile  
You'll be glad that I sent him away ;  
I will make the house clean  
And will deck it in green,  
And young Summer will soon make you gay."

But pretty Miss Spring—  
Oh, the flirt of a thing !—  
Still was weepy and winsome and shy ;  
Till in glad days ensuing  
Blithe Summer came wooing,  
When her dewy eyes soon became dry.

*PRETTY MISS SPRING.*

So, pretty Miss Spring  
Has a dainty new ring ;  
She'll be young Mrs. Summer, you see ;  
And the dear fickle maid  
Now is gentle and staid,  
And as constant as constant can be.

*YOUNG MRS. SUMMER.*

YOUNG MRS. SUMMER.

Young Mrs. Summer, one day in October,  
Decided her home needed furnishings new ;  
Reds were too bright, browns were faded and sober,  
All yellows had withered, and greens paled from  
view.

For the Wind sent she and asked him so sweetly  
To sweep off the trees and to cut every flower,  
Brush clean the meadows, and smooth them all  
neatly,  
And everywhere wash them by sending a shower.

Young Mrs. Summer is tall, fair and stately,  
Her favorite color has always been green ;  
Lovely her home, which until very lately  
Was furnished and draped in its shimmering sheen.



*YOUNG MRS. SUMMER.*

Wind, in his work, was so eager and steady  
He raised such a dust that the birds flew away ;  
Butterflies, too ; and when all was quite ready  
He went to My Lady and asked for his pay.

Young Mrs. Summer, when payment was over,  
Had little to purchase her favorite green ;  
Gone were the birds and the bees and the clover,  
And everything round looked so cheerless and  
clean.

Off to the Sky went she then for her shopping,  
And stepped to a counter where bargains were low ;  
After inspecting and thinking and stopping  
She bought a white dimity—we call it snow.

Young Mrs. Summer with busy brisk fingers  
Soon covers the bareness with hangings of white ;  
Then sends for Jack Frost, and not a day lingers,  
But starts for the South in the first train that night.  
There she will work through the long sunny hours,  
And Bachelor Jack will look after her home ;  
When she buys green things and many sweet flowers,  
Blithe young Mrs. Summer will back again roam.

*A SONG OF THE FOREST.*

A SONG OF THE FOREST.

THE LEGEND OF LOVE-SICK LAKE.

When you wander alone through the forest  
And list to the murmuring song,  
If your heart be attuned to the music,  
The words will come floating along.  
I have listened so oft to the singing  
That when it is plaintive and low  
I can hear thro' the melody's sobbing  
A love tale of long, long ago.  
"Nenemoosha ! Omemee ! Omemee !"  
The waterfalls purl as they flow ;  
And the echo sighs softly, "Omemee !  
The sweetheart, the maiden of woe."  
Like a willow wand supple and slender  
Her movements were motions of grace,  
And her eyes as the stars of the morning ;  
And dusky as twilight her face,

*A SONG OF THE FOREST.*

Overshadowed by long silken tresses,  
Which shone with a luminous light,  
Like darkness, when daylight appeareth  
Dispersing the shadows of night.

Now the West Wind is dreamily humming  
The love-lays the dusky Braves cooed,  
And the brooklet is mocking the laughter  
That silenced each lover who wooed ;  
But the melody varies and deepens,  
A tenderer message is sighed,  
And the brooklet grows fainter and fainter  
To whisper the words which replied.  
Oh ! this lover was fair as the morning,  
His eyes as the blue of the lake,  
And his hair, like its brink sun-illumined,  
And true was the promise he spake :  
“ Nenemoosha ! Omemee ! Belovèd !  
The moon is a thin, silver thread ;  
After, strand over strand, winds it roundly,  
Omemee her lover will wed.”  
But the Waterfalls sullenly gurgled  
How, speedily, far from her sight,

*A SONG OF THE FOREST.*

With no farewell, her lover was banished,  
Ere moonbeams illumined the night ;  
How the Braves and the Squaws in derision  
Then pointed the finger of scorn,  
Harshly laughing, "Omemeë, forsaken,  
The loveless, the maiden forlorn !"

Now the waters roar loudly their anger,  
Till echoing echoes reply ;  
And the wind wails its anguish of spirit,  
Keyed high to a shrill minor cry ;  
Then it hushes and sobs how Omemeë  
Was dazed with their gibes and her grief,  
And afar through the forest went roaming  
To find for her sorrow relief ;  
How the trees drooped their boughs to caress her,  
The brambles and thorns bent aside,  
And the blossoms clung fast to her tresses  
To garland her fair like a bride ;  
How the Moon rolled its last silver girdle  
And over the maiden shone clear,  
Till she startled and shivered enraptured,  
And knew that her lover was near.

*A SONG OF THE FOREST.*

From the lakelet she heard his voice calling,  
And following as in a dream,  
Where the margin hung high o'er the water,  
She gazed on the moon's sparkling gleam.  
For a moment she lingered and hovered,  
Then gliding through quivering light,  
Where the Wavelets called softly, "Omemeë,"  
She floated and vanished from sight.

Now the forest is throbbing with music,  
A harmony wondrously blent,  
An ecstatic and thrilling emotion,  
Commingled with blissful content ;  
From the Brooklet a ripple of laughter,  
The Waterfall's note like the dove,  
And the Wind in a clear tone of triumph,  
With echoes uniting, sing love.  
And though years have rolled decade on decade  
The Forest remembers the song,  
And the wraith of Omemeë appeareth,  
And flits o'er the water along :  
An elusive ethereal vision,  
An eerie and mystical sprite :

*A SONG OF THE FOREST.*

Like the vaporous spray of a fountain  
It glides through the silvery light.  
And because of this visitant ghostly,  
Which follows the moon's brilliant wake,  
And the Waterfall's echoing sighing,  
This region is called "Love-sick Lake."

When you wander alone through the forest  
And list to the murmuring song,  
If your heart be attuned to the music,  
The words will come floating along.  
I have listened so oft to the singing  
That when it is plaintive and low  
I can hear through the melodies sobbing  
This love tale of long, long ago.

*WHERE SINGS THE WHIPPOORWILL.*

WHERE SINGS THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Golden-gray the twilight lingers  
In the glory of the west,  
Where the whippoorwill is singing  
And the lake is lulled to rest.

Every leaf has stilled its motion,  
Listening for silent Night,  
And across the placid water  
Floats a path of golden light.

Gliding o'er its glowing lustre  
Gentle Night meets tired Day,  
Veiling his resplendent glory  
As he slowly steals away.

Now the gray has lost its golden,  
Dusky shadows gather deep,  
Where the whippoorwill is singing,  
And the lake is lulled to sleep.



*UNTRIED.*

UNTRIED.

Two sister ships at anchor lay,  
Or glanced along the sheltered shore,  
Till one at evening sailed away  
Intent to cross the wide seas o'er.

Alas ! the tempest tore her sail—  
She sought no more the safe home-tide ;  
Might not the sister prove as frail  
That safe in harbor floats untried ?

And thus it is with men as ships :  
They circle home or rove abroad,  
And if the foot but seldom slips,  
Temptation's path is rarely trod.

*UNTRIED.*

I ne'er have caught the red Gold's glance,  
Enticing to another's heap ;  
Mayhap the reason is, I chance  
To have my own good store to keep.

No love was proffered me to choose,  
Concealed in Virtue's seeming hood,  
Which Right alone bade me refuse,  
For I was given naught but good.

And so, no vengeful wrong have I  
To sear my heart with bitter hate,  
Nor do I hide with perjured lie  
A crime we need not contemplate.

Thus, like the sister ship untried,  
Along the shore I safely sail,  
And watch, across my life's smooth tide,  
The wrecks go down amid the gale.

Tho', if I ever put to sea  
And battle with the hurricane,  
The Pilot who goes out with me  
Will bring me safely home again.

*THE ANGEL'S KISS.*

THE ANGEL'S KISS.

When darkness slowly fades from earth away,  
And dawning shades are turning rosy gray,  
    An angel comes, and softly stooping low  
Leaves on our lips a kiss, a blessèd kiss,  
Filled with protecting peace and heavenly bliss,  
    Which means, "I guard you and I love you so."

If we could drive away all woe and strife,  
And thoughts of wicked things that crowd this life,  
    We should awake and that pure presence bless.  
But, ah ! our eyes are sealed in slumber deep ;  
The angel rouses not our soul from sleep,  
    And we dream on and lose that sweet caress.

I cannot feel the tender touch divine,—  
Good wars with ill within this heart of mine—  
    But all through life my hope, my prayer, is this :  
That when my night on earth has passed away,  
I may behold soft lights of dawning day,  
    And wake at last to feel the angel's kiss.

*EVANGELINE.*

EVANGELINE.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

O Gentle Soul ! I think to-day  
    You walk in some sweet garden place,  
And blossoms bright, along the way,  
    Reflect your joyous face.

For he, who loved so tenderly,  
    Close clasps your hand within his own,  
And whispering tells how it shall be  
    No more to feel alone.

And oft together you may sit  
    With some loved volume on your knees,  
While o'er its pages sunbeams flit  
    Through filtering trees.

*EVANGELINE.*

You, who so loved low laughter's trill,  
And kindred souls' sweet company,  
I feel such dear delights are still  
Where you may be.

The dreams that proved too deep for deeds—  
Those aspirations of the past  
Whose blossoms ripened not in seeds—  
Are possible at last.

The mysteries which vexed the brain  
Before you reached the Tranquil Land  
I think the Master has made plain,  
And now you "understand."

'Tis thus such consolations steal  
To ease the anguish of the heart,  
When through my lowered lids I feel  
The tears of sorrow start.

So, Gentle Soul, I will not grieve,  
Tho' whispered is your last "Good night";  
Some inner sense makes me believe  
That all is right.

*LET ME BE GOOD.*

LET ME BE GOOD.

Let me be good, tho' not so good that I  
Peer o'er the threshold of the by-and-by ;  
But humanly divine, to play on earth  
With unsoiled fingers—then I need not cry.

Let me have sense to know when I am clean,  
And handling not the common, low or mean ;  
Else, dropt in Folly's dust, the tears of Sin  
Commingle mud which never should have been.

*BEYOND THE HILL.*

BEYOND THE HILL.

A picture of a scene so fair have I—  
The grasses seem to wave in restful glee,  
A cottage nestles 'neath a maple tree,  
A little pebbled brook is rippling by,  
And distant, dimmed by twilight shadows still,  
Uplifts in gentle slope a lofty hill.

Along an upward path and near the crest,  
A laborer, on toil's surcease intent,  
Is slowly climbing o'er the steep ascent.  
Naught has the scene but peacefulness and rest  
To fill my soul with calm content, until  
I wonder what is seen beyond the hill.

*BEYOND THE HILL.*

Is there obscured as beautiful a spot,  
Where sunshine brightens trees and fields as green,  
Or has the artist shown the fairest scene ?  
While musing thus, there slowly comes the thought :  
As life is yonder view, and see we will  
The future as we look beyond the hill.

Life's weary winding steep we all must climb ;  
We form the future while along the way,  
The journey ever lessens day by day ;  
And if we wisely walk in this brief time,  
Then will the scene our soul with rapture thrill,  
When we can gaze, at last, beyond the hill.

O Father, loving, kind ! hold Thou my hand  
And guide my footsteps that I climb aright ;  
So, when the land revealed may meet my sight,  
As I upon the distant summit stand,  
All may be fair, and beautiful, and still,  
And I may see Thee there beyond the hill.



*HE TAKES SUCH CARE OF ME.*

HE TAKES SUCH CARE OF ME.

Ofttimes I love to be alone  
When twilight veils the lea,  
To muse on our great Father God—  
He takes such care of me.

A wall He has enclosed around,  
Through which I scarce can see  
The sin and pain that haunt the world—  
He takes such care of me.

Through all my soul soft music steals  
In such sweet melody,  
It stills the minor wail without—  
He takes such care of me.

*HE TAKES SUCH CARE OF ME.*

A voice I'll give those tuneful songs,  
So that their symphony  
May tell that He is Love, All Love—  
He takes such care of me.

No fear have I of anything  
In earth or sky or sea ;  
In life, in light, in death, in night,  
He will take care of me.

*GOOD SHEPHERD.*

GOOD SHEPHERD.

Good Shepherd, oft in picture guise  
I see Thee in the fold,  
A little lamb within Thine arms,  
Safe from the outer cold.

How tenderly Thou hast it borne  
O'er all the rugged hill !  
The sheep grown old, though weary too,  
Must follow' as they will.

When this I see I often wish,  
Sometime in long ago  
While I was like the gentle lamb,  
That Thou hadst borne me so ;

*GOOD SHEPHERD.*

That Thou hadst placed me in Thine arms,  
    Before my fleece was soiled,  
Before my tired feet had tripped,  
    As up the steep I toiled.

Weary am I, and dim the way,  
    But if I miss the track,  
Do Thou but speak, then will Thy voice  
    In safety bring me back.

And I will struggle on, until  
    The fold I see afar,  
Where Thou wilt wait for me without  
    And hold the door ajar.

*THE ANGEL OF THE SOMBRE COWL.*

THE ANGEL OF THE SOMBRE COWL.

When sight and sound, by Pain's oppressive hand,  
Were dimmed, and low the shaded night-light  
burned,

A Presence came beside my bed, and yearned  
To clasp and bear me to another land,  
But whispered gently, "It is not so planned."

In sweet compassion was the soft glance turned  
On mine, till senses quickened and I learned  
The tenderness within the eyes that scanned.

"O Angel of the Sombre Cowl! close fold  
My hand and lead me into peace," I prayed;  
But with a glowing glance of love untold,  
Alone to the Unknown he passed. Now stayed  
Is former dread; whatever life may hold,  
I follow to the end, all unafraid.

*THE SILENT SINGER.*

THE SILENT SINGER

(EUGENE FIELD.)

The lights are all low, for the Sun's in the west,  
But where is the singer that lulled us to rest?  
The singer was tired—though day was not long—  
And when he had finished his slumber-time song  
An angel re-echoed the lullaby lay  
And hushed him to sleep at the close of that day.  
Oh, rest, silent singer, till morning breaks through,  
And wake to be welcomed by "Little Boy Blue!"

*BEST OF THE BRAVE.*

BEST OF THE BRAVE.

O Motherland, whose deep devotion  
Will subjects from tyranny save !  
Our thousand is crossing the ocean—  
We send you the best of the brave.

The soul of the nation is throbbing  
To go forth in battle for you,  
And loyalty silences sobbing  
In hearts patriotic and true.

The best of the brave we are sending,  
Canadians, eager to go,  
Who will with a valor unbending  
Help vanquish the Empire's foe.

So, Motherland, Motherland, weeping  
For sons in an African grave !  
We, too, may leave heroes there sleeping—  
We send you the best of the brave.

*HUSH! FOR THE BIRDS ARE SINGING.*

HUSH! FOR THE BIRDS ARE SINGING.

Weeping, little one, to-day,  
While earth and sky go swinging!  
Put your grief and tears away;  
Hush! for the birds are singing.

Tired with the world's mad race,  
The whirling and the prancing!  
Take my hand and keep the pace;  
Look at the sunbeams dancing.

Pause at last! our course is run;  
Now twilight soft is creeping;  
All the day's long hours are done;  
Rest, for the Earth is weeping.



*“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”*

“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”

AVOWAL :

Sweet, will you listen and understand ?  
There, 'neath your finger-tips' rose-bud roll,  
Hold and enfold you safely my soul ;  
God, and not I, has so placed it there.  
Love of my life ! how then will you dare  
Loosen the clasp of that slender hand,—  
Send it from Heaven to sink as a star,  
Deeply in dust, thus fallen so far !  
Hush ! you must hear me, that is my right ;  
Silent am I, Love, after to-night.  
Will you not listen and understand ?

After to-night, Love, you will not hear  
Passionate pleading, though it were sweet  
Ever e'en vainly thus to entreat.

*"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"*

Well I remember my soul's surprise,  
Wakened by glancing into your eyes.

'Twas as if Heaven had opened, Dear ;  
Close not the portal, through it I see  
Smoothly unrolled my eternity.  
Not merely life here do you control,  
If from its haven thrust is my soul.

After to-night, Love, naught will you hear.

RESPONSE :

Have I not tried your love to requite  
Till all its thrilling passion infers  
Burns in my brain, yet not my heart stirs ?  
Blameless am I ; your favor unsought—  
So you confess—a passing glance caught.

Love has too soon put childhood to flight.  
Leave me, as leave I safe on the lake  
Lily-buds sleeping. As they awake  
Who with them gathers sun-bedimmed flowers ?  
'Twixt us Time rolled a decade's long hours,  
Yet did I try your love to requite.

*"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"*

Would I could hold you back from the deep !  
So frail my spirit scarce can it cling  
Now to God's hand ; naught else dare it bring,  
Lest too great burden sever the grasp.  
Grieve nor despair ; your soul I unclasp,  
Safely to place it with God to keep,  
Where mine is also. If there you seek,  
Follow nor fail, though spirit be weak,  
There may you reach me ; thus raised above  
Earth and its sorrow, so learn to love.  
Naught else can hold you back from the deep.

PROBLEM :

What is the problem the years leave unsolved ?  
Straightway from Heaven hurled he his soul  
Into the whirl of the world's control.  
Steadfastly clinging, upward she rose,  
Ever eluding lead-laden foes.

Only in thought are their lives involved.  
Oft through the night-wind, in misery  
Wailing, his soul sobs, " Here placed you me."  
Whispers she, " Did I his clasp still keep,  
Would he be here, or I in the deep ?"

Hush ! Only God has this problem solved.

*DREGS OF DREAMS.*

DREGS OF DREAMS.

In Memory's cabinet, row on row,  
In vials are dregs of dreams  
Whose effervescence long ago  
Dissolved in fruitless schemes.

Not visions gliding through the night  
While my cerebrum slept,  
But dreams conceived in life and light,  
O'er which I joyed or wept.

Ofttimes Regret inserts the key  
To bare this strange array,  
And peers through each transparency  
Upheld to glare of day.

*DREGS OF DREAMS.*

Some glasses have an amber stain,  
With lees in paler hue,  
Whose mellow taste suggests again  
Great deeds I meant to do ;

Unselfish feats which, though the thought  
Proved greater than the act,  
Much good upon my soul had wrought  
By striving for the fact.

Discolored is this tube, and dark  
The sediment that clings—  
Ambition foiled, a quenched spark,  
But vital yet its stings.

O bitter draft of friends untrue,  
Of wrong preceding right,  
Of foes exalted in fair view,  
Which sears the soul with blight !

Gray as a rose leaf burned to ash,  
Unfragrant, tasteless, dead,  
Are lees of love whose bubbling flash  
Excites but heart and head.

*DREGS OF DREAMS.*

Elixirve, sweet are those, and fair,  
Of clearest crimson glow,  
Which start an impulse pure and rare,  
Throughout the soul to flow.

O dregs of dreams ! O dregs of dreams !  
How bitter sweet to me !  
Well sealed and locked from curious beams,  
Regret will keep the key.

And when the last sleep stills my brain,  
The Alchemist Supreme  
Will analyze what lees remain  
And recreate each dream.

So clear distilled these drafts will be  
That I shall quaff at ease,  
And all my cherished visions see,  
Nor find distressing lees.

*HER FINGERS WHITE.*

HER FINGERS WHITE.

As light-winged dancing butterflies  
O'er flowers seek where honey lies,  
So float her fingers o'er the keys  
In search of sweetest melodies.  
Sometimes the music murmurs low  
In rippling tones, as waters flow,  
And in my vision summer dwells ;  
Each purling note its story tells  
Of singing bird, and trees that wave  
O'er streamlet clear where grasses lave ;  
Then fades the melody away  
Like zephyrs hushed at close of day.

And then again they linger long  
On dulcet notes like love's first song ;  
They hover there caressingly,  
As if each white tip kissed a key ;  
And oft the tones in soft trills flow  
Like happy laughter sweet and low.

*HER FINGERS WHITE.*

Alas ! a wailing minor key  
Steals slowly through the melody,  
And memory with sobbing sigh  
Breathes out its grief for days gone by ;  
But tenderly a cadence comes,  
And soothing strains it softly hums,  
Till pain glides gently into peace—  
Remembered not—and sorrows cease.

Awhile on mellow chords it sings,  
As heart-woes rise on airy wings,  
And floating upward strong and clear,  
And soaring on till Heaven is near,  
The harmony swells loud and long  
To mingle with the angels' song,  
Then hushes to a pleading sweet  
And leaves life's burden at His feet.

When her recessional is sung,  
And earth's last chime for me hath rung,  
In Heaven may I hear again  
The tender theme, the soulful strain,  
And watch through mellow, amber light,  
Her fingers white, her fingers white.



*THE WOOING OF THE WAVE.*

THE WOOING OF THE WAVE.

Hush ! for the wind is singing  
    A song with a mournful strain,  
And look, the grasses swinging  
    Keep time to the sad refrain.

Anon the words come blowing,  
    And the story of the song  
Tells of a river flowing  
    Through willows lithe and strong.

And there in the shadows shady,  
    Apart on a knoll of earth,  
A reed, like a slender lady,  
    Watched ever the water's mirth.

*THE WOOING OF THE WAVE.*

And once she leaned far over  
To look at a sparkling wave,  
Who paused—the dancing rover—  
Her long green leaves to lave.

And when he saw her beauty  
He whispered, “Oh, come with me !”  
The willows murmured duty,  
But the wave sang of the sea.

“Come ! I will leave you never ;  
Oh, come ! we will float, my sweet,  
Forever and forever,  
Till river and sea-tides meet.”

The moonbeams saw and shivered,  
And the willows softly wept,  
When she a moment quivered  
And away forever swept.

Out on the laughing water  
For many a merry day,  
Though the wave in rapture brought her,  
He wearied and stole away.

*THE WOOING OF THE WAVE.*

And then the current crossed her,  
And scornfully threw her aside ;  
Upon the shore it tossed her,  
Where she lay alone and died.

The waves now never enter  
Where a crumbling knoll is seen ;  
It has a hollow centre,  
A place where a heart had been.

*LIFE'S GALLERY.*

LIFE'S GALLERY.

The cold white walls a vista long enclosed,  
And, in the northern light, Fact sketched, and there  
His pictures hung.

The Man, for many years,  
Roamed listlessly, nor knew his lack, till Love  
In glancing o'er the cheerless space spake thus :  
" Too vast for Fact's deliberate brush is this  
Bare chamber long ; another with a touch  
More swift than Zephyr's flight I speedily  
Will send." A skylight of an ample breadth  
He then let in, through which the golden glow  
Of heaven shone, to bathe the walls' white glare  
For evermore in mellowness.

Ere long,  
Love's artist, Fancy, came the hall to deck  
For the especial guest he heralded.

*LIFE'S GALLERY.*

Good-bye, Love smiled, and Fact withdrawing near  
The hearthside slept a space, while o'er his work  
Deft Fancy wrought a spell. His magic touch  
So blent all crude effect, the mellow light  
Transfigured it to beauty. Hangings dark  
Draped he where skill could not redeem ; and thus  
The old was made anew. Scenes beautiful  
Invoked he, for uncovered walls, where there  
Appeared and reappeared a woman's face—  
Eyes so alight with soft glad glance, the lips  
Poised half apart like blossom-buds turned to  
The Sun's unfolding kiss.

When many days  
Had passed, Love came again and saw the Man  
With half-shut eye approving Fancy's work ;  
And Fact, in languorous ease, still stretched upon  
The hearthstone seat, and pointing with his pipe's  
Long slender stem to some minute detail,  
Omitted in his brother artist's work.

Then Love stepped in and brought his guest ;  
'Twas she, the Woman, she, whose pictured face  
the hall  
Adorned. The Man, within the ingle-nook,

*LIFE'S GALLERY.*

The seat of honor fixed ; and Fancy stopped  
His work, while Fact arose, and they two gazed  
A moment on the group, then gently said,  
“ Good-bye ” ; and when the Man passed with  
them to

The outside door, and soft the curtain draped  
Its folds across, he, turning towards the hearth,  
Unto the Woman said : “ No need have I  
Of anything save Love, save Love and thee.”

*TAPER AND STAR.*

TAPER AND STAR.

A slender taper tall and fair  
Before a mirror stood  
And saw the world reflected there,  
Nor knew its ill nor good.

The lambent flame, in eerie beams,  
A quivering halo shed  
Till stars beheld the glowing gleams  
Through open casement sped.

One cast a glance, so scintillant  
The taper felt it thrill  
Throughout her soul like some great chant  
Intoned 'neath arches still.

The moths came wheeling through the gloom  
And pressed for nearer view,  
Attracted by the radiant bloom,  
Which knew not that it drew ;

*TAPER AND STAR.*

Until a senseless, dazzled thing  
    In smaller circle whirled,  
And fell with seared and shattered wing,  
    Which ne'er again unfurled.

The gentle taper stifled low  
    This too alluring light,  
And fixed her gaze upon the glow  
    Her star sent through the night.

But moth on moth, with reckless glee,  
    In giddy eddy spun,  
Drawn inward ever helplessly  
    To perish one by one.

And o'er the taper darkly fell  
    The dust of blighted wings ;  
And in her heart the sad tears well  
    That life should hold such things.

At last her star sweeps through the blue,  
    A gleaming streaming scroll,  
The flame outleaps the casement through,  
    To mingle soul with soul.



*YOU ARE YOU.*

YOU ARE YOU.

Through the courts of Time I slowly pace,  
For I have not met you, Dear.  
How shall I know when I see your face ?  
Shall I feel that you are near ?  
When your eyes meet mine will they tell me true  
That you are you, that you are you ?

I shall surely know ; that first fond look  
Will see every silent thought.  
We need not speak, for Love is a book  
Read easily all untaught.  
So I feel that your eyes will tell me true  
That you are you, that you are you.

Then hasten, Dearest ! I search for you  
All along life's dreary way ;  
But the sun will shine from a clearer blue  
When the quest is o'er some day ;  
It will end when told by your eyes so true  
That you are you, that you are you.

*MY LIFE-HARP.*

MY LIFE-HARP.

Within my heart a golden harp  
Is sweetly strung in tune,  
Where souls akin in harmony  
Ofttimes with me commune ;  
And some have vainly tried to bring  
The tone the robin trills in spring.

The chords that made their melody  
Had no vibrating thrill  
To wake an echo in my heart—  
On ceasing, all was still ;  
And yet I knew my harp could play  
Just such another roundelay.

*MY LIFE-HARP.*

I waited, and at last a touch  
Soft dulcet notes caressed,  
Until the singing, quivering strings  
The master hand confessed ;  
The music that was made for me  
Excelled the robin's rhapsody.

My David all unconscious is  
Of his exquisite power,  
And thus the melody divine  
May end in this brief hour ;  
But through my heart its memory sings  
Until God's hand doth mute the strings.

*THE KISSING-GATE.*

THE KISSING-GATE.

The Lakelet lapped its pebbled beach  
    In rhythmic ebb and flow,  
Accordant with the melody  
    The Forest whispered low ;  
The arborvitæ's spicy breath  
    With fragrance filled the glade,  
As o'er a rustic kissing-gate  
    It cast protecting shade ;  
There, Love, you waited ardently  
The precious toll to take from me.

To-day the song is softly crooned  
    In minor undertone,  
As through the wood I sadly stroll  
    Alone, my Love, alone.  
An eerie wind has caught the gate  
    And open flung it wide ;

*THE KISSING-GATE.*

O Love, I would the great Beyond  
    Were just the other side !  
Where we could find some restful spot  
And feel the peace the world gives not.

Has Heaven glowing jasper walls,  
    And golden portal tall ?  
Tell me there is a forest lake,  
    And glad sky over all ;  
That arborvitæ thickly mass  
    And waft their incense sweet  
Above an olden trysting-place,  
    Where we were wont to meet ;  
Tell me there is a kissing-gate,  
Where you, O Love, my Love, will wait !

*LOVE.*

LOVE.

The atmosphere of Heaven is love, and when  
The portal outward swings for souls redeemed,  
The precious ether, so released, is streamed  
Upon a weary world. God's gift to men  
It is, for spirits turned to Him. Oh, then,  
They, over whom this wondrous waft is beamed,  
Inbreathing it, see visions brain ne'er dreamed,  
Or through another source may dream again.  
The world is glorified ; they sing and sound  
A quivering key-note of such ecstasy,  
The keen vibrations throb till there is found  
A soul companion of rare harmony.  
If lightly breathed it ends in one brief round ;  
If deeply drawn it chords eternally.

*A MIRROR.*

A MIRROR.

I wished to buy a dainty gift  
For her whose love is all my own,  
And so I sought 'mid trifles rare,  
'Mid shining gold and precious stone ;  
But all these baubles were not meet  
To have their place beside my Sweet.

Again I sought, and came reward ;  
I found at last a little thing  
With edge of gold bestud with pearl ;  
And there, within that precious ring,  
My Love's true eyes can always see  
A dearer thing than life to me.

The dearest thing in all the world,  
And beautiful beyond compare ;  
For when she holds it to her eyes  
Her own fair face is smiling there.  
Dear Heart ! through life my care shall be  
That only joy's glad smile you see.

*ALL BY MY LONESOME.*

ALL BY MY LONESOME.

I'm all by my lonesome, me and my doll,  
There's no one to play with, no one at all ;  
I miss Eva so, and wonder if she  
Is happy up there or lonely for me.  
But what hurts the worst and makes me most cry  
Is thinking I could not kiss her good-bye ;  
Her throat was so sore the doctor-man said  
We must go at once. Mamma shook her head  
When I asked the kiss, so I came away  
With Jack on the train, to grandma's to stay.  
And she was so good, but must have forgot  
That she was small once, she dosed such a lot  
With hot stuff at night ; and always would fret  
'Bout wrappin' up good, and feet getting wet.  
I stayed there till spring, and no one told me  
Eva was gone ; so it's awful, you see,  
Just all by my lonesome, me and my doll,  
With no one to play with, no one at all.



*ALL BY MY LONESOME.*

Of course, there is father, mother and Jack,  
Martha and Roy, but I want Eva back ;  
For Jack has his father, and mother has Roy,  
But no one has me. Our Roy's a dear boy,  
But too small to play—he likes mother best ;  
And Martha's the girl ; she helps me get dressed,  
And I scrape the dishes when she makes cake ;  
Don't care to now, though ; it makes my heart ache,  
Longing for Eva and her little spoon.  
Wish I was with her, and want to go soon,  
For if I'd grow tall she wouldn't know me,  
Just like Uncle John when he came from sea.  
When we went to meet him, Eva and I,  
He saw us quite plain, but walked along by.  
If Eva'd do that when I get up there—  
It's too awful to think—I wouldn't just care  
What happened next, or what anyone said,  
Or if every day they sent me to bed.  
It's bad enough now ; my heart is that sore  
It aches, and kisses don't cure any more.  
When Uncle was here I sat on his knee,  
Cuddlin' my face in his neck, for you see  
I thought of Eva and felt very bad,  
For last time he came such good fun we had ;

*ALL BY MY LONESOME.*

Now I'm all by my lonesome, me and my doll,  
There's no one to play with, no one at all.

I'd rather be lonesome than have Alec Gray  
That used to come up to grandma's to play.  
Well, he was the worst ! Poor Rosalie here  
Was not safe at all, his games were so queer.  
'Twas fun'rals—buryin' her in the ground—  
Or teaching to swim, and play let her drowned.  
Once I was crying when he came to play—  
Just homesick, you know—and all he would say  
Was, " Shame, Floss "—pointing his finger—" oh,  
shame !

The little wee dogs will all know your name."  
And I was so mad, and said, " ' Snips and snails  
Is what you're made of, ' and puppy dogs' tails,'  
For you're a bad boy, and grandma told me  
What bad boys were made of." After that he  
Threw a stick. I threw it back and it hit,  
And it hurt, for he cried, cried a good bit.  
He came at me, and I ran near a place  
Where honey-bees live, and one stung his face.  
Then he started home ; I followed to see,  
And he bawled, " Floss made a big bee sting me."

*ALL BY MY LONESOME.*

The pain hurt him so, his face was so pale,  
And he said he'd have me put into jail.  
His pa is a lawyer, so I came away,  
And sat in the swing the rest of the day.

'Tis a beautiful swing ; you go so high,  
'Way, away up till your toes touch the sky ;  
And I was thinking : sometime when I'm there  
I'll swing and slip off right into the air ;  
Then gently and softly upward I'll float—  
A great fleecy cloud will do for a boat.  
'Twill sail slowly on and glide through the sky,  
'Way, away up, and at last, by-and-by  
We'll come to the land of comfort and rest ;  
And I'll tell of Eva, who I loved best,  
And I was unhappy, so came all the way,  
And please let me see her, please let me stay :  
I'm all by my lonesome, me and my doll,  
There's no one to play with, no one at all.

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

I stay here thinkin', thinkin', an' I'm happy as can be ;  
I have so much to think of, for the fambly's big, you  
see :

There's father an' there's mother, an' there's sister  
Isobel ;

There's Mary, Tom and Willie, an' my Helen I call  
Nell ;

And baby Ned an' Anna—but I'm Anna, course you  
know ;

An' then there's big Jack Middleton—he's Isobella's  
beau ;

An' every one of 'em is strong an' straight as they  
can be,

For all the Wilkinson's are well, that is, a-ceptin' me.

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

When I was just at Tom's age—he is seven, goin'  
eight—  
I didn't use to stay in bed, but was so strong an'  
straight,  
Till I got hurt; I guess it must have been three  
years ago,  
An' we were on the way to school, just after our first  
snow.  
The boys was so excited while a-coastin' down the  
hill,  
They didn't see some youngsters who got scared, as  
youngsters will,  
An' couldn't move till I ran quick an' shoved 'em  
past, you see;  
An' not a one of 'em got hurt, that is, a-ceptin' me.

A-ceptin' me—I didn't know a thing for days an'  
days;  
They said I was run over by the biggest of the sleighs.  
'Twas 'bout it in the paper, and so everybody read  
About the little heroine—I think that's what they  
said;

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

But anyway it is a name for girls when they are  
brave—

An' it's in Bella's scrap-book, which she's always goin'  
to save.

An' all the people in the Church were kind as they  
could be—

They never prayed in Sunday School for no one,  
'ceptin' me.

So I stay just a-thinkin' here, alone with baby Ned,  
If mother isn't mendin' and the paper aint been read ;  
Or else she tells me stories till the children come at  
four ;

An' don't I wait and listen for their steps outside the  
door.

An' then when Isobel gets home she always has to  
fix,

For Jack comes in the evenin' time, then pretty soon  
it's six.

An' if both Will an' father's home, the Wilkinson's  
have tea,

And all sit round the table close, that is, a-ceptin' me.

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

But oh ! I like the evenin' times and Sunday after  
noons,  
For Bella plays the organ then, an' Jack an' she sing  
tunes ;  
An' my room's off the sitting-room so I can see 'em  
there,  
The what-not, too, an' Bible-stand, an' mother's  
rockin' chair ;  
But often I get tired like, so someone shuts the door,  
An' then the music's distant, but I think I love it  
more :  
The way they sing "Sun of My Soul" is oh ! just  
heavenly—  
The room seems filled with angels, but there's no  
one, 'ceptin' me.

Then there's another tune they sing, I think of it at  
night,  
When somethin' keeps me wide awake—the moon's  
a-shinin' bright,  
An' everything is still, except the clock a-tickin' slow :  
It's the "home for little children" song, and some  
day I shall go ;

*'CEPTIN' ME.*

But do you know I was afraid I couldn't find the way,  
Before I went to service in the church on Easter day ;  
I'm never goin' any more, it tired me, you see—  
The Wilkinsons go regular, that is, a-ceptin' me.

They'd put a big new window in the church since I'd  
    been there,  
And with St. Peter's picture on it, shinin' bright and  
    fair :  
The face is like my doctor-man's, just lovin', good  
    and kind ;  
So, since his likeness I have seen, I know the way  
    I'll find.  
I'll never, never tire then, an', if there is a crowd,  
I'll know him when I see him, an' will ask him good  
    and loud :  
“ Please, O Mr. St. Peter, unlock with your golden  
    key ;  
I'm lonely 'thout the fambly, for there's no one,  
    'ceptin' me.”



*LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.*

LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.

Oh! me and Nellie Barker live way down on  
William Street,—

I'll bet you couldn't find another youngster half so  
sweet ;

Why, when she wears that gown of hers, the color  
of the skies,

You'd think 'twas made of bits of stuff, exactly like  
her eyes.

She's just a reg'lar picture girl, so pretty, I tell you,  
She's like the cards they have for advertisin' wash-  
in' blue.

Her hair's just like a shinin' light, soft fluffy curls,—  
but pshaw!

'Tweren't her that I'm to tell about,—it's little  
Nellie's Pa.

*LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.*

Oh ! he's of no account,—“a ne'er do weel,” her  
grandma says ;  
It's this, he takes a glass too much and isn't right  
for days ;  
But me and Nell is awful thick : I live across the  
way,  
And she sees me, I guess, 'bout forty 'leven times  
a day.  
We always play at teachin' school, and Nell's the  
boss ; you see,  
She's in the part-a-second book and knows lots more  
than me ;  
She stays with us a lot, for if I'd make a noise, he'd  
jaw,  
And I am kind of half afraid of little Nellie's Pa.

Once me and Nell was down the town, 'twas on a  
Saturday,  
And there was such an awful crowd we thought we  
wouldn't stay ;  
We started off for home and hadn't gone so very far,  
When right before us rushed a horse, skeered by a  
trolley car.

*LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.*

I thought that we was gonners sure, but someone  
grabbed it quick,  
And held on tight ; it dragged him down, but my !  
he was a brick ;  
He held on till he dropped, the awf'lest sight you  
ever saw,  
As white as death ; you'd never think, 'twas little  
Nellie's Pa.

I hustled off with Nell so fast she hadn't time to  
know,—  
I wanted for to get home first and knowed that  
they'd come slow.  
Well, he was awful sick, was hurt inside, his leg was  
was broke,  
And Nellie said 'twas days and days before he even  
spoke ;  
But by and by he comed around and walked out  
with a crutch,  
And then I wasn't skeered of him, and didn't run,—  
not much !  
He used to sit and sun hisself a talkin' to her Ma,  
And, by and by, I got to likin' little Nellie's Pa.

*LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.*

One Sunday, Nell was teachin' us and we was singin'  
singin' there

'Bout "Jesus loves me, this I know,"—I guess you've  
heard the air ;

And Nell, she held her finger up and said that it was  
true,

He loved us all, the good or bad, no matter what  
we'd do ;

Of course He's sorry if we're bad ; and then poor  
little Ned

Looked up with his big eyes and—"Does He love  
yer Pa ?" he said.

Her Pa was sittin' near an' when he peeked around  
I saw,

And answered up,—“Of course He does love little  
Nellie's Pa.”

Well, I was sorry, don't you know, fur lately he'd  
been kind,

And after that the doctor said he'd somethin' on his  
mind.

When he got worse again I knowed that he was goin'  
sure,

For after once a bird's flew in you know there aint  
no cure ;

*LITTLE NELLIE'S PA.*

And Nell, she heard a tick-a-tick just solemn like a  
clock,  
And Butler's dog, it howled one night, you'd heard  
it for a block ;  
So just at noon, when someone came a runnin' in  
for Ma,  
I knowed right off, at last there weren't no little  
Nellie's Pa.

But man ! the funeral was fine ; the Workmen all  
turned out ;  
The band was there and beat the drum so soft, and  
and marched about ;  
They played that awful thing, it keeps a runnin' in  
my head :  
"Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum ;" I could  
hear it in my bed.  
You'd think he'd been a minister, as good as good  
could be ;  
They took their shiny hats right off, and so I guess,  
you see,  
The angels too will act the same, forget the sin they  
saw,  
And be just awful glad to meet my little Nellie's Pa.

*LITTLE HOMESICK CHILE.*

LITTLE HOMESICK CHILE.

Po' little homesick gal !

T'ink yo' hea't 'll break ?

Yo' sholy hev a pain

Whah dah aint no ache.

Yo' miss yo' mammy so,

Want yo' sisters, too ;

Longin' fu' de lovin' home,

Dat's whut's ailin' you.

Aint nuffin I kin do,

Nuffin I kin say,

'Less 'tis,—pack up yo' duds,

Tote 'em back to-day.

Dah, now, I make yo' laf ;

Dat a rainbow smile ;

Teahs leakin' down yo' face,

Little homesick chile !

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

*A VALENTINE.*

A VALENTINE.

(TO DR. B. O. KINNAR.)

DEAH DOCTAH,—

Dis is Val'tine's day,  
So gin me chance to say my say.  
I's gwine to tell you once or twice  
Dat I t'ink you is mighty nice.  
W'y, sometimes w'en my rest is bad,  
An' I is gittin' kin' o' sad,  
An' you say, "Mo'nin'! how you feel?"  
De aches all scoot out thoo my heel.  
Say! W'y you meks me well so quick?  
I's 'bliged to leave w'en I aint sick;  
I don't lak goin' back no how,  
Fu' all the world's a fuss an' row;  
But w'en I leaves I'll watch de track  
To min' de way fu' comin' back,  
Case you is jes' de nices' boss  
Dat evah I hev come across.  
I'd sign my name, but othahs see,  
So trust to luck dat you know me.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

*THE ONE I LOVE BEST.*

THE ONE I LOVE BEST.

I know I love her quite too well,  
And oftentimes I vainly try  
To banish her ; but ah ! some spell  
Keeps her, for aye, in my mind's eye.

They say that love is blind ; but still  
Her faults I see, though ne'er confess ;  
If they are known, perchance some will  
Think ill of her and love her less.

And ah ! she wants all love I know,—  
All love from those whose hearts are kind ;  
For often life's dark clouds hang low,  
And faithful friends are hard to find.

Mayhap the future holds a day  
When one unknown can steal my heart  
With all my thoughts away, away,  
And make my love for her depart.



*THE ONE I LOVE BEST.*

No, surely that can never be,  
For it has stood a lifelong test ;  
She always will be first with me,  
This one I've ever loved the best.

And if I see her when I chance  
To wander near a looking-glass,  
Her eyes reflect my every glance ;  
She knows she is the dearest lass.

*THE ENAMOURED STAR.*

THE ENAMOURED STAR.

A Star long loved the Lady Moon ;  
Alas ! he could not show it ;  
Altho' he crossed her path each night,  
She did not even know it.

My Lady Moon is tall and fair,  
And gowned in palest yellow ;  
Unconsciously she passed the Star,—  
He was a little fellow.

And all her thoughts are with the Sun,  
Because she loves him truly ;  
The only time she's overcast  
Is when he treats her coolly.

*THE ENAMOURED STAR.*

Now he, vain chap, tho' fond of her,  
The Earth loves far more dearly ;  
And half the time is at her home,  
But often acts most queerly ;

For, some days at his love he frowns,  
And wanders off a-mooning ;  
While she, poor thing, is bathed in tears,  
Till he returns from spooning.

And when the Moon sees not his face  
She hides herself securely ;  
Then all the Stars come twinkling out  
To search for her demurely.

And that one Star who loved her so  
Sought till his heart was breaking ;  
So, from the sky he slipped away  
To try to stop the aching.

The Lady Moon ? She never knew ;  
She swept her gown of yellow  
Right o'er the place he used to be,—  
Poor Star ! poor little fellow !

*HEARTS OF GOLD.*

HEARTS OF GOLD.

It is all about two lockets,  
Dainty jewelled hearts of gold ;  
Mine, belonging to great grandma,  
Is an heirloom very old ;

It is studded o'er with turquoise,  
Bright and blue as sunlit sea ;  
And the grandma's face within it,  
I am told, resembles me.

Jack Leigh has the other locket ;  
It is modern, bright and new ;  
Diamonds tracing his initials,  
Sparkling clear like drops of dew.

*HEARTS OF GOLD.*

Jack is such a splendid fellow,  
And was once my dearest friend ;  
But all that is past and over,  
This is why it had to end :

We were talking of our locket ;  
Mine, he said, made his look dim,  
And to please him for a little,  
Would I not exchange with him ?

What ! exchange my heart-shaped locket  
Grandma wore so long ago ?  
Why, I really, really could not,  
And I gently told him so.

Then he came a little nearer,  
That the jewel he might see ;  
But he never once glanced at it,  
For he only looked at me.

And he whispered very softly  
Something like,—Oh ! never part !  
If I would some day, for ever,  
Change for his my own real heart !

*HEARTS OF GOLD.*

Now, I had refused the locket :  
That belonged to one unknown,  
But my heart,—well ! I could give it,  
For it always was my own.

So, he is a friend no longer,—  
Now we love as lovers do ;  
And within my locket, smiling,  
Grandma looks as if she knew.

*YE QUAINȚ GUITAR.*

YE QUAINȚ GUITAR.

My Ladye lives at boarding-school,  
A quaint guitar hath she,  
And when ye task is all complete  
She playeth merrilie.

Ye quaint guitar hath case so strong  
To hide it safe away,  
Whene'er my Ladye lays it down  
Or on it doth not play.

Ye Master, he is stern and good,  
And likes not dance or ball,  
And so my Ladye's low-necked gown  
Doth hang upon ye wall.

*YE QUAINȚ GUITAR.*

One day there came some loving friends  
    To beg for holiday,  
And for my Ladye got a leave  
    To go with them away.

Ye quaint guitar she doth request  
    That she may to them sing,  
And Master, he is willing quite  
    Such music she may bring.

Ye quaint guitar she then takes down,  
    And, in a sheet so white,  
Away beneath her sleeping-place  
    It safe is hidden quite.

And now her pretty low-necked gown  
    She takes from off ye wall,  
And packs it in ye strong stout case  
    With fan and gloves and all.

And then my Ladye, young and fair,  
    Doth walk demure away,  
And at ye grown-up ball that night  
    Doth dance till break of day.



*YE QUAINȚ GUITAR.*

At last ye holiday is spent,  
    Again she schoolward wends ;  
Ye cousin now doth bear ye case,  
    So weighed his back it bends.

For lo ! ye pretty low-necked gown  
    Hangs on another wall ;  
Ye case is filled with cakes and sweets  
    Bought by ye cousin tall.

O wicked, wicked boarding-school !  
    My Ladye was so sweet,  
Until within thy walls she learned  
    To tread ye path, deceit.

*FAREWELL TO JACK.*

FAREWELL TO JACK.

O dearest Heart, why did I let you go ?

I little thought that I should need you so ;  
I meant it for the best, ah, Jack, my dear !

I did not value you when you were here.

If you had only whispered, " Let me stay,"

Or if your face had not been turned away,  
I might have read your thoughts. Farewell, dear  
Jack !

Regret is vain, I cannot bring you back.

But if again I had this thing to do,

It would be, oh, so different with you !  
I'd keep you till the last. Ah, well ! good-bye !  
The game is lost, for " table cards must lie."

And Jack, dear Jack, is not a lover bold,

He only is the best card I could hold ;  
For euchre is the game, but I forgot,  
And played my " right " instead of just a " spot."

*THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.*

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

Our family is first in style  
Since sister Ella's marriage ;  
Content erstwhile to wheel, we now  
Possess a horseless carriage.

'Tis built of pliable rattan,  
And has pneumatic tires ;  
'Tis innocent of oil and flame,  
Or live electric wires.

The rider neither drives nor steers  
Aboard this horseless carriage ;  
His aunties trundle it abroad,  
Since sister Ella's marriage.

*POOR THING.*

POOR THING.

Her friends said she was clever,  
Her foes confessed it, too ;  
“The press” at times proclaimed it—  
What could the poor girl do ?  
With all this vast assertion  
She half believed it true ;  
So now they sneer, “She’s clever,  
But then she knows it, too.”

*MY SHADOW.*

MY SHADOW.

My friend was like my shadow,  
For when the sun shone bright  
We wandered on together  
In merry sunny weather,  
Through all my day's short sunshine,  
Till fell the dreary night.

My friend was like my shadow,  
For, when day's course had run,  
She vanished with the light  
As shadows fade at night ;  
I found she had not loved me,  
But only loved the sun.

Ah, friend, my fickle shadow !  
If sunshine come once more,  
It ne'er will seem as bright,  
Nor this heart be as light,  
For I shall miss the shadow  
That circled me of yore.

*FORGET ME, LOVE.*

FORGET ME, LOVE.

O heart of mine ! what shall I say  
To send my Love from me away ?  
I love my Love, still we must part ;  
What can I say ? tell me, my heart !  
Forget me, Love, but live aright,  
As if thou hadst me in thy sight ;  
Thine eyes with mine must look above.  
Forget me, Love ! forget me, Love !

Oh, let me take that grief of thine,  
And I will keep it here with mine.  
Why should two hearts in anguish be  
When I can bear it all for thee ?  
Forget me, Love, till in that land  
Where sorrow dies you claim my hand :  
Until we meet in Heaven above,  
Forget me, Love ! forget me, Love !

*CUPID'S WARNING.*

CUPID'S WARNING.

Miss Canada is sweet and fair,  
And ah ! her gold and lands are fine ;  
But, Uncle Sam, I pray beware—  
Send not to her thy valentine ;  
For cold and coy just now is she,  
And, knowing well how you are smitten,  
Her seasonable gift will be  
A soft and dainty little mitten.  
Good, sturdy John tight holds her hand,  
And frowns in great vexation  
Upon you folk in Yankee land  
When you mention annexation.

*WHEN MABEL TAKES THE WHEEL.*

WHEN MABEL TAKES THE WHEEL.

The "Rob Roy" floats on azure wave,  
So trim and taut we feel,  
And everything sings well in tune  
When Mabel takes the wheel.

Her little hand wards danger off ;  
No rocks can grate the keel ;  
We skim the channel's centre clear  
When Mabel takes the wheel.

I've built an airy nothing craft,  
It floats in space unreal ;  
But I will sail it into life  
When Mabel takes the wheel.

Alas ! ah woe, my nothing craft !  
Away, away we'll steal ;  
Another pilot hove in sight,  
And Mabel took his wheel.



*A DREAM OF WHEELS.*

A DREAM OF WHEELS.

My friend, can you interpret dreams ?  
One has appeared to me,  
And every thought it concentrates  
Through haunting memory.

My thought upon my silent steed  
I slowly wheeled away  
Through space as shadowy and still  
As dawning hours of day.

Unguided, fearsomely I rode  
Until appeared afar  
A twinkling point of golden light,  
Dim, distant as a star.

I watched it as it brighter grew ;  
No need had I to steer,  
As magnetized, on sped the wheel,  
And ever brought me near.

*A DREAM OF WHEELS.*

On, on I rode, and soon the light  
The sun's glow put to shame—  
A great white gate was clear defined,  
With flame-illumined name.

So dazzled was I by the glow  
That "Heaven" I scarce had read,  
When out the portal noiseless swung  
And through I swiftly sped.

The threshold wrought a magic spell,  
For, Presto ! O surprise !  
My wheel, discarding earthly shape,  
Was meet for heavenly eyes.

The shining steel was burnished gold,  
The tires were velvet pile,  
The olden gear assumed, at once,  
The latest chainless style.

A gay procession long I joined ;  
We wheeled on marble road ;  
But everything was so unlike  
Celestial saints' abode.

*A DREAM OF WHEELS.*

All floating wings I thought to see,  
And graceful forms in air ;  
But everything was up to date,  
And wheels were everywhere.

Some were of plain design, and some  
With dazzling jewels glowed,  
Recording merits hardly won  
By those who wisely rode.

Soft tinkling bells made melody ;  
A golden trumpet's blare  
So startled me that I awoke  
And found I was not there.

Now tell me what can this portend ?  
What meaning can you find ?  
Its beauty haunts me constantly ;  
'Tis ever in my mind.

My friend was grave, he pondered long,  
And this is what he said :  
" The meaning is quite clear to me—  
The wheels are in your head."





